

what the same as if I had suddenly run across a piece of Robinson Crusoe's canoe or one of his far-famed umbrellas. The inscription was as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of Mr. John Gamwell, Midshipman of H.M.S. Shannon, who died at the Naval Hospital on the 13th June, 1813, aged 18 years. Also Mr. William Stevens, Boatswain of the same ship, who died there on the 19th June, 1813, aged 36 years.

These brave officers closed their career in consequence of desperate wounds received in the gallant action between their own ship and the American frigate Chesapeake, on the 1st of June, 1813, which ended in the capture of the enemy's ship in 14 minutes."

Many other stones bore interesting annals, but one especially, on an elaborately carved slab, suggested a time when the principle of the division of labour was not so generally applied as at present, and when a man, if he wanted anything from a cradle to an epitaph, usually had to make it himself. The inscription began:

"Here lieth interred the body of William Troop, who departed this life 23rd June, 1785," etc.

And below came this fragment of rhyme, evidently bespeaking the departed a sailor on "life's troubled main":

"Although boreas' blast & neptune's gals  
Have toss'd me too & fro,  
Yet by the Almighty God's command  
I'm anchored here blow,  
Where many of the fleet are moor'd,  
And unmolested sleep.  
In hopes one day for to make sail,  
Our Saviour Christ to meet."

There were older stones, again, on which the quaint old "th" and "ye" were used, and others that had sunk so far in the earth that only a few words of the inscription were visible above the turf, and to decipher which would task the patience of an Old Mortality.

A study of epitaphs reminds us of the following paragraph in a recent exchange under the heading of the "Gravedigger":—In a certain parish in the south of Scotland, the gravedigger was noted for the greatness of his age and the enormity of his sins. On one occasion, the minister was away on holiday, and the Presbytery supplied brethren to fill his place. One of these, with antiquarian inclinations, was much interested in the ancient beadle, and applied him with many questions regarding his vocation. "Now, William," said the minister, "since you have been here so long, I have no doubt you will have buried a great many people." "Ou ay, sir, I hae clappit the sod on every hoose in this pairish except wan." "And since you have had so much experience, William," said the minister, "you will likely have selected your own last resting-place." "Ou ay, sir, I hev that. D'ye see yon ash tree on the richt haun' side o' the kirk-yaird gate? Weel I'm just gaun to be buried atween it an' the gate." "And why such a curious place?" queried the

parson. "Weel, sir, atween you and me and the wa', I ken the kin' o' folk I hae buried, an' I'm sure there'll be a deil o' a row here some day, so I want tae be oot first an' up the road."

## A FRESHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS.

BY A MEMBER OF '98.

The first really definite and lasting impression made upon the mind of the Freshie, after his first plunge into college life, is that he knows absolutely nothing. Has he fond hopes of becoming famous in the Rugby arena? Alas! he learns the mournful lesson of defeat at the hands of the collegiate boy. Should he dare ope his mouth in the A.M.S. he is greeted with cries of "nerve," and is reminded that he is "inexperienced," and that he should not, therefore, protrude his olfactory knob into matters that are reserved for the special delectation of his seniors. Does he imagine that he can excel in essay-writing? He is roughly brought to consciousness by an unsympathetic E— marked on his production.

Poor Freshie! He is in a new atmosphere, and the incense of hero-worship that floated around him as a senior boy at school has been scattered to the four corners of the earth. Like the man with the wheelbarrow, college is all ahead of him. He wonders in his poor blind way why so much time is spent in the Alma Mater over matters that a good business man, who never saw the inside of a grammar, could settle in five minutes. He wonders why men who have studied expression in Latin, Greek and various other tongues, and are ready, with the most complacent self-assurance, to sit in judgment on Carlyle, Macaulay, or Matthew Arnold, cannot make a decent speech of three minutes length. He wonders, too, why those who have studied the æsthetics of the ages, and who would be insulted were they called anything but cultured gentlemen, have not enough common decency to allow one of their number to address a meeting in peace. Should he, in the sadness of his heart, make known his plaintive tale of woe to a senior, he is informed that all things come to those who wait, and that his distress and preliminary groping in the darkness is but the dawning of a broader and more liberal life.

But the Freshie in Queen's is not left to face obstacles by himself alone. Even before the college is in sight, other students who have known what it is to be strangers, meet him, and even the haughty seniors step down from their empyrean heights and do their best to give him a good start. In spite of rough awakenings and shattered pre-conceptions of what college would be like, there is not a Freshman in Queen's who attends to his own business, and who has purged his soul of all-polluting cheek, who has not the hearty sympathy of every other student.